Macroom, is an interesting old ruin on the top of an isolated and very steep rock. In its

youth it must have been a very strong fortress,

and even now it is a matter of no little toil and

lignant fairy that, in the form of a horse, in-

which leads over crag and fen, up mountain-

sides and down precipices until the rider begs

OUR COMRADE IN IRELAND.

Interesting Ancient and Scenery on the River Lee.

BY J. DARK CHANDLER.



E got into Mallow it what the good Irish people here are pleased to call "the shank of the even ing"; that is, any where between an hour before sundown and candle - light which don't come along in Summer time until about 9:30

and not then unless a shower is in progress. My friend and ex-Orderly, Jimmy Burns, having made up his mind he would "stick to me till I was safe out of Ireland," emphasized his decision by remarking:

"We'll just put ourselves away at the Royal, and then I'll take me saddle off and have a rell, for I never was half so tired ridin' after Jeff Davis as I am from trolloping after you." After a general sanitary ablution in a bathroom as large as a law office, I came down to the commercial room, had my tea, and smoked a cigar, but Mr. Burns gave no indications of returning from his "roll," by which I understood him to mean a bath. As I had several times heard Mallew spoken of in landatory terms as the "Brighton of Ireland," and had no idea why, I walked out to see why this was

I found half a dozen first-class hotels, that appeared to be well filled with people about as busy doing nothing as I was myself. I concluded that the leisure class was larger than I had found it anywhere else on the "old sod." For sixpence 1 got a wonderfully-mean cigar and a whole lot of politeness, among which was helped me laugh at the row until I said to the information that Mallow is a Summer re- her: Bort of honor and renown, and that all the lazy people lolling around the hotels were the beighth of the fashion, payin' lashins of money for takin' their aise." I said they were

nothing of the kind. The fact is that the high-toned or even the their dignity keeps their vertebral column too of Muskerry." rigid. They sit up too straight and look too the country does not lend itself readily to in- 1465? dolence of attitude. If you notice it, an Irish woman, of whatever station, always sits up ful abandon until he has been to America and | worked 10 hours a day." had the starch taken out of his skeleton by "I'm sure nobody ever told me that, sir." copious baths of old Bourbon. That is the reason that once in a while you meet an Irishman 90 years old and as straight as an oil well. | led thus early into the mistake of making mis-They have neglected to take their Bourbon

Mallow has mineral springs with water tasting mean enough to suit the most depraved hypochondriac, and this is what gives the place standing as a watering-place. One of these springs, "The Lady's Well," provides warm there was any, sir. Say, Mister, ain't you trywater, one swig of which will egre the most confirmed dipsomaniae from drinking-any more of it.

Wandering down to the canks of the Black water, I found the old Ballydabeen Bridge and the ruins of old Mallow Castle. Prewlits Irishman, are you?" about what is left of the ancient stronghold, I came across an old lady impressing upon her grandson the error of his way by knocking | rample.' the dust out of the basement of his pantalogus. She paused with uplifted hand to say: "God bless your honor!"

"Why?" I asked. She dropped the youth as though he burned her hand.

"Save us, but you must be a rich poor man if you don't need it.' I admitted the theological reminder, and

This is a strange and ancient place, with. queer old tale attached to it." "You may well say that, your honor. Shall

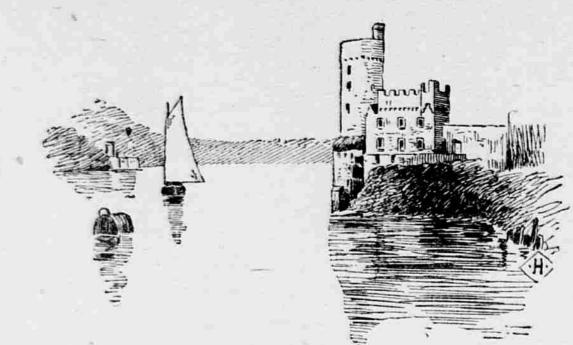
changed the subject.

I tell you about the Gray Fairy?" "Certainly, auntie; pass along the Gray

In ten minutes I found that I had struck a literary gold mine. She told me not only about the Gray Fairy, but about the Ghost of Glen Gat, and the White Nun of Monroe, and | The relies cover about 10 acres of ground, and had just commenced on the Banshec of Clydule | the square towers loom up as ghostly land-

earthly voice came in through one of the empty | the great arches and gables are standing. The window openings. "Soul of my body! What do I see?"

coom of my memory, and giving my aged enchan- I tle at Brandy Station.



BLACK ROCK CASTLE.

reading:

finger."

over every meal I have had since I landed.

"Let Mallow yield to Macroon,

with his mouth full of chicken-leg.

diamond ring," I said.

And quite dispels our sorrow."

For here we know not care or gloom;

Here Nature wears perpetual bloom,

"Do you think I be lyin', you old Paddy

from Waterford, with the American brogue?

Didn't I see her write it with my two eyes?"

At Killumney Station we got off and went | she forgot to put on that hard-shell loaf of by jaunting-car a couple of miles to the ruins bread and dull knife which has cast a gloom of Kilcrea Abbey and Castle. Here there came near being deadly slaughter between my friend Burns and the local guide, who has just got as

"This great church and fortification were built by Cormack, Lord of Muskerry" ----"By The O'Donohue, you mean," interrupted Mr. Burns, with a two-shilling guide-book in

"Now, von'll please not interrupt the gentleman while I'm telling him about the place."

"Well, tell him the truth then. It was built by The O'Donohue." You just go away and sit down in front of | table, and who seemed to be lost in admiration

your impudence with your little Dublin print- of the bald spot on the top of Burns's head. book that don't know a castle from a corn-bin." Then Burns and the guide went at it. I think I have said somewhere that an Irishman don't swear in his native state. These two swore with all the fluent ability of pothouse politicians the night before election, while the guide's bright-looking daughter looked on and

"You tell me all about it." She turned with a blush like a half-ripe tomato, and beckened me away from the disputants. She walked through the vast ruins, and folling about; I was wrong. They were doing her voice, like a brook grattling over pearls, kept pace with her bare feet.

The records and traditions of the family low-toned Irish lady or gentleman as a lollist is tell us both the abbey and castle of Kilcrea not a success. The sense of what is due to | were built in the year 1465 by Cormack, Lord

"Do I understand you that this whole place, intensely respectable; besides, the furniture of as it originally stood, was built in the year

"Permit me to suggest to you, Miss Concanstraight and square in her chair. No Irishman non, that all the stone masons in Ireland could learns to loaf in his leisure with ease and grace- not have built it in five years, even if they

That is the reason I am telling you now A young lady of your promise should not be statements that may grow upon you."

"Thank you, sir." "What stream is this?" "It's the Bride, sir."

"Where is the bridegroom?" "I'm sure I don't know, sir. I never heard

ing to jolly me?" "Not in the least. I think you are remark-

ably jolly as you are." "I'm thinking you are as bad as that Irishman father is rowing with. You're not an

"Not to any serious extent. I'm an Ameri-

can of the United States brand, but an inferior "That's what I thought. I've seen lots of Americans, but you are a real queer one.

Don't you want me to tell you about the rains?" "Certainly. Let's gs and see the walk of

"There's no walk of skulls here." "Well, there ared to be; but the fact is, these ruins are getting old and played out. On both sides of the main entrance to the abbey here there used to be a wall of human have no doubt, many an unquiet ghost and skulls, thigh-bones arm-bones and other debris

of mortality that was interestingly ghastly, but I notice that it is all gone." When I turned to look at the girl there was a hole in the atmosphere where she had stood, and I just caught a glimpse of one white foot as it sped around a big bramble-bush. The approach to the ruins is across the ruin of a nar- country." row four-arch stone bridge over the Bride. as the darkness closed us in, when a weird un- | marks on the highway of history. Several of masonry is massive, without much pretension

"Not a blooming thing, unless you've got | tains evidently built more for strength than I am not an expert census guesser, but should cat's eyes," I replied, vexed at the interruption. style. After wandering over the place for say Macroom has about 3,500 people, but it has "Who's the colleen that's sitting up here try- | Learly an hour I went to look for Mr. Burns | no large industries. The country is agricultur-Ing to talk you to death entirely? Come away and the guide. They were sitting on a tomb- al, and the town supplies its wants from plenty but of this before you're too late for to-morrow's stone in the pretty graveyard, with Burns's flask of large and small shops, with the usual local I hastily stored my stories away in the back | a realistic description of the great cavalry bat- | few people were to be seen helping each other



BANTRY BAY.

ress a two-shilling piece, I meekly followed Mr. | Burns back to the Royal Hotel, where, by way other little train came along, which we of good-night, remarked at my room door: "Now, Lieuty, just see if you can't stay put till I come for you in the morning. It's the constant racing around keepin' you out of trouble that's makin' me baldheaded."

Early the next morning the Great Southern & Western Railway rolled us back to Cork, where a jaunting-car hustled us over to the Capewell Station, on the Cork & Macroom Railway, and we were off for a 24-mile intermittent ride to Miscroom.

Seven miles out we came to Ballincollig, the town of the Wild Boar. Here are an extensive military barracks and gunpowder works. I gently but firmly declined Burns's enthusiastic invitation to get off and visit the latter, and thereby I miss an inspection of the big, square | Macroom. tower which is part of the ruins of an old castle, which a polite passenger tells me was built by Edward III. At the hamlet of Ovens, or Owens, we might have seen some noted caves in the limestone rock, but Mr. Burns re-

monstrated: "It's just a loss of your precious lifetime to be wasting three mertal hours to look at half a enough to knock the cook out in two rounds. dozen holes in the ground, with nothing but bare stone around them."

Soon after we reached Killumney Station an-

boarded Near Kilcrea is a bog, in which, I was told. the last Irish wolf was killed, and a mile farther on are the ruins of Castlemore, the great | him into the handsomest of men, and gave him castle built by the McSwineys in the 15th

At Crookstown we were shown the Castle of has been restored, and is now used as a fishing- over him. They were married just as quick lodge by the Earl of Bandon. Next came Warren's Court, with its three | happy ever after."

little lakes, a kind of amateur Killarney, that is a favorite Summer resort of the people of Cork who can afford the three shillings for the trip. We cross the Lee near Doomiskey Sta- toms of telling you an Irish fairy tale, you just tion, and in five minutes more we are in | kick me on the shin before you fall asleep, will Mr. Burns and I congratulated ourselves

traveling from Mallow to Macroom, and getting | guns and came hauling them up with oxen to through by 4 o'clock in the afternoon. and washed them down with Ceylon teastrong | the bridges connecting the rock with the two

for a chance to stop long enough to die and ends by finding himself in a marsh or wilderness miles away from home. This "phooka" is several degrees worse than a bucking broncho. When we got back to Macroom it was 10 o'clock at night and quite dark. That diningroom girl was standing in the door, and she had it in for Mr. Burns. "Why didn't you keep the poor gentleman out all night, and him with nothing to eat?" "Shut up, Nora, me darlin', or bad luck to me if I don't marry you offhand." "An' if you did I'd see that you had sorrow

for your supper every night of your life." And with such gentle conversational amennities they made life pleasant to each other all through our supper. Early the next morning we started on our jaunting-car drive of about 30 miles to Glengariff, leaving Macroon by way of Wisp Lane over a beautiful road that brings us first to a

I walked to the dining-room window to get a where we have a lunch, because our driver tells view of life on Brogue-Maker's street, when us "It's the last chance worth a happorth till my attention was attracted by a verse scratched you get to Glengariff."

Here the Lee widens out into Lough Allua, with a diamond upon a window-pane, and along the northern shore of which we drive to the lonely little hamlet of Ballingeary, where I met with the first children begging, or rather earning pennies by running and looking pitiful, of which I was told I should see so many in Ireland. They met us outside the village and "Who ever wrote that was quite a poet, with a very fine gift of mendacity," I remarked to accompanied us in as an escort. The boys as they ran turned somersaults and hand-springs, Oakville, and called upon Mr. John W. Condor the blooming Irish lass who waited upon the while the girls just ran alongside the car and looked wistful. We gave them all the pennies "You may well say that, sir. She was the and half-pence we had and all we could get prettiest American girl I ever saw, and she from the landlord of the little public house. wrote that right off her head with the beauti-We could have given away a mule-load if we had had them. These children were poorly fullest big diamond, which she pulled off her dressed, but they looked healthy, well-fed, and "She never wrote it at all," growled Burns, jolly. Ballingeary was the last pretension to a town we met with until we reached Glengariff. The Lee here dwindles down to a very small Cougaune-Barra Lough, its reservoir, but the physique, ruddy countenance and buoyant spring from which it starts is on the side of "I thought you said she wrote it with her Nadnaniller, an almost inaccessible mountain



GLENGARIFF.

"So she did; bother to the pair of you!" "That verse," said Mr. Burns, in his grandest Macroom, along about 1774. Come away home with me to Youghal and I'll read the whole lot to you out of a book."

But I tell you I saw the young lady write it." replied the girl acidly. 'Poch! What of it, if you did? Here is another just like it:

"Wheever means to shake off gloom Let him repair to sweet Macroom, For here his cares he will entomb And think no more of sorrow.

"There; maybe you'd like to maintain that your young lady with her diamond wrote that

"I'll go bail she could never write anything half that mean," replied the girl triumphantly. "Yaah! Let's go out of this, Lieuty. The ignorance of the Irish makes me blush for my

"Shure, your blushing will lose you little blood as long as you follow that nose of yours up so close.

Then we left the girl to eajoy her triumph while we went out to inspect the town, which is nicely situated on the River Lee near where in the way of architecture. Those early chief. it is joined by the Sullane and the Foherish. I between them, and the guide was listening to tradesmen, who appeared to be busy, as very do nothing.

The inevitable jaunting-car took us out to Macroom Castle, one of the residences of the Earl of Bantry. It is said to have been built in the reign of King John, and it looks old enough to have been built in the reign of Noah. It boasts no architectural beauty, but its oddlooking tower, looming above the silvery Sullane, is a very pleasant sight. It is covered with variegated ivy, which, we were told, is the most beautiful specimen of Irish ivy in the world. As I have not seen all the others I am not disposed to argue about it. Admiral Sir William Penn, the father of the founder of to the old gentleman for his share in furnish-

ing me a State to be born in. Then we drove along the Lee to where Carrigadroid Castle stands on a rock in the middle of the river. It is a queer, remantic old place, full of surprises in the way of secret passages, gloomy dungeons, and excellent opportunities for stepping-off places into the future. As we sat upon the coping of a battlement

about as wide as an ordinary dining-room, and looked down upon the beautiful Lee, Mr. Burns "Gim'me another cigar, you great American

smokestack, and I'll tell you a pretty story about this old stone pile." He lighted up, and after telling me the cigar was mean enough to have come from a Sutler's tent, he opened :

"You see, it was away back when the stars were young and the moon hadn't got wrinkles in his horns, there was a great chief lived here. Oh, he was a hurran of a fellow, and his name was Na Bockalish McGrue, and he had a beautiful daughter, Maija. She was so beautiful that the poor fish in the Lee there used to drown themselves from staring at her with their mouths open, and all the dudes in Counties Cork and Kerry had corns on their knees from falling down and worshiping her. Now. there was a poor peasant, I disremember his name, but he was humpback and had a game leg. He saw the beautiful Maija one day. She was riding out with her father, and what did the bloody idiot do but fall in love with her, as many the better man had done before; but he knew she would never look at him, so he got off his feed and pined in despair over his hard

lot, because he had it bad. "One day he was wandering along up the Lee yonder, when he heard the click-click of a Laprechaun's hammer. He slipped up slyly and caught the little brogue-maker, and made him tell where he kept all his store of treasure. To gain his liberty the Leprechaun not only endowed him with great riches, but changed every grace and accomplishment. Then he came to the castle, where old McGrue was delighted to see him, and Maija hadn't talked to logh-Dha, "the Stone House of David," which him five minutes until she was all broke up as the priest could be found, and they lived

> Then Burns shook me so angrily I came near pitching off my perch, as he growled: "Say, old man, the next time I show symp-

yeu?" Carrigadroid was quite a fortress, and defied upon having done a very fair day's work in | Cromwell's army until he made a lot of Quaker besiege the place, when the garrison threw up We had fried chicken, roast potatoes, and the sponge and made a treaty, capitulating warm biscuits, the first I met with in Ireland, upon honorable terms; then Cromwell built banks of the river, and gave it its present This was Delchy's Hotel, and I shall forever | name, Rock of the Bridge. cali the waiter girl at Delchy's blessed, because | Carrigaphooka Castle, about three miles from

lat the western extremity of the lake. This lake is a grand sight for those who admire manner, "is one of a lot of very fine ones | Nature in her wilder moods. It is in the midst written by John Connelly, the patriot poet of of an amphitheater of majestic mountains, and occupies an area of about 250 acres.

approach the edge closely upon all sides except the eastern, and the dark shadows of the overhanging cliffs are reflected in the glassy surface of the deep waters. The lake itself is dark and lustrous as polished black marble. The gloomy grandeur of the beetling cliffs is only relieved by the streams that flash down their furrows like trembling silver ribbons; that is, they are poetically supposed to come down like silver ribbons.

We reached the lake right on the heels of a and these mountain rivulets were coming down like amateur Niagaras, with a roar that was awful and creating a chaos of sound and water that was terrific in its majestic grandeur.

Near the middle of the lake, and connected with the shore by a small causeway, is a little island on which, in the infancy of Christianity in Ireland, Saint Fin Barre built himself a hermitage, of which there still remains the ruins of the church, the convent and a court or cloister, around which are eight little circular cells. The place must have been very small, as the church and convent walls were only about four feet high, and with the roof on must have made everybody humpbacked that lived there. There is a "holy well" on the island, and the place is even now used by some devotees as a retreat, but I notice they take precious good care to make themselves more comfortable than ever the good Saint Fin Barre could have been if he was a man of average

hight. To visit Cougaune-Barra we had made considerable detour, and we next drove back to the main road and in due time reached the celebrated Pass of Kimaneigh, the "path of the bounding deer." This is a deep hollow separating two vast hills which rise almost perpendicularly and have a sinister look of desiring to tumble over on you.

If these hills were rough to look at and mean to climb, the gorgeous array of flowers decking their precipitous sides made up for all other Pennsylvania, was born here, and I felt obliged | short comings of nature in the way of comfortable scenery. The pass is fully a mile long and only wide enough for a 10 or 12-foot roadway, and a narrow stream alongside it. About two-thirds of the way through the pass our driver stopped his horse, and said in the tones of a man crying an auction of pigs:

"It was just here, your honor, that in the great rising of '98 that a small party of English soldiers were marching through the Pass of Kemaneigh, when the rebels annihilated the whole lot of them by rolling great rocks and stones down upon them from the cliffs above. Lord rest their souls; get up with you, Doley.'

This was the first time the man had opened his mouth since we left Inchageela, and he has never opened it since that I know of, for at Glengariff a new driver took charge of us. Once out of the Pass, one of the branches of the Owyanne River kept us company to the head of Bantry Bay. On the way we stopped the Waterfall, one of the ancient strongholds of the O'Sullivans. It is still in good repair, all the woodwork being of massive teak. On first entering the main hall, which is 20 feet high, you think you have got into a prison cell, until the once-secret doors are opened, and you find yourself in a rather imposing apartment, opening into the various departments of the castle, and you find that these little sevenby-nine Kings of old contrived to surround themselves with no little luxury and state, if

which is quite evident. From here the winding road took us over the bills to Ardnagashel, from which for three I had a little freer use of my muscles and limbs, mother allow her daughter to speak to a miles of the way we had a fine view of the whole of Bantry Bay, the Islands of Whiddy and Bere, Dunboy Castle, Rohencorrig lighthouse, and just as your eyes begin to ache with trying to look at 11 points of interest at once, your car dodges swiftly down under the few weeks. My joints assumed their normal advantages. None of these rules apply to near Caha range of hills, and Burns knocks the breath out of you with enthusiasm as he

"There it is; that's Glengariff! Oh, isn't it just a little heaven. Porter, get me a derrick and a baggage truck, and I'll stop with you till morning." But I had to lift myself out of the car and carry myself into the Royal all alone.

The next morning, after a hasty view of Glengariff and Bantry Bay, we took the Bandon Railway back to Cork, where Mr. Burns left me for his home at Youghal, while I went down to Queenstown and started for Scotland. [The end.]

He Received Assistance. Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.] Shattuck-Did you hear of the unfortunate outcome of young Dolley's proposal? Chinner-No; tell me about it.

Shattuck-Well, he had asked Miss Scadds to marry him, but before she could answer, her papa, who had been stationed behind the door, walked into the room and said: "No, I can only be assister to you." With that he assisted young Dolley out of the room by the too of his

trouble to scale the steep rock on which it stands. It is named after a "phooka" or ma-THE REMARKABLE CASE OF MR. duces unwary mortals to mount him for a ride JOHN W. CONDOR.

> A Helpless Cripple For Years-Treated by the Staff of the Toronto General Hospital and Discharged as Incurable-The Story of His Miraculous Recovery as Investigated by an Empire Reporter.

[Toronto Empire.]

For more than a year past the readers of the Empire have been given the particulars of some of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century, all, or nearly all of them, in cases hitherto held by the most advanced medical scientists to be incurable. The particulars of these cases were vouched for by such leading newspapers as The Hamilton Spectator and Times, The Halifax Herald, Toronto Globe, Le Monde, Montreal; Detroit News, Albany, N. Y.; Journal, fragment of the ruins of Dundarciske Castle, Albany Express, and others, whose reputation once a noted fortress of the MacCarthys. placed beyond question the statements made. Through beautiful scenery we reach Inchigeela,

Recently rumors have been affoat of a re. markable case in the pretty little town of Oakville, of a young man recovering after years of helplessness and agony. The Empire determined to subject the case to the most rigid investigation, and accordingly detailed one of our best reporters to make a thorough and impartial investigation into the case. Acting upon these instructions our reporter went to (who it was had so miraculously recovered) and had not long been in conversation with him when he was convinced that the statements were not only true, but that "the half had not work in one of the heaviest departments of the Oakville Basket Factory, and was surprised, in the face of what he knew of this case, to be conbearing. This now rugged young man was he who had spent a great part of his days upon a sick-bed, suffering almost untold agony. purpose of his visit Mr. Condor cheerfully volunteered a statement of his case for the benefit of other sufferers. "I am," said Mr. Condor, "an Englishman by birth, and came to this country with my parents when nine years of age, and at that time was as rugged and healthy as any boy of my age. I am now 29 years of that intervened between that time and my re-

ing in the cold lake water. The joints of my | migration is that of 1880 with China. There body began to swell, the cords of my legs to tighten, and the muscles of my limbs to contract. I became a helpless cripple, confined to bed, and for three months did not leave my room. The doctor who was called in administered preparations of iodide of potassium and other remedies without any material beneficial effect. After some montas of suffering I became strong enough to leave the bed, but my limbs were stiffened and I was unfit for any active vocation. I was then hampered more or less for the following nine years, when I was The steep, rugged and desolate mountains again forced to take to my bed. This attack was in 1886, and was a great deal more severe than the first. My feet, ankles, knees, legs, arms, shoulders, and in fact all parts of my frame were affected. My joints and muscles became badly swollen, and the disease even reached my head. My face swelled to a great size. I was unable to open my mouth, my jaws being fixed together. I, of course, could eat nothing. My teeth were pried apart and liquid food poured down my throat. I lost my voice, and could speak only in husky whispers. four-horse shower that left all nature smiling, Really, I am unable to describe the state I was | thoroughly cleansed and fumigated. Dr. Gedin during those long weary months. With my twisted and contorted into indescribable shapes, | the discharges of the sick convicts. I was nothing more than a deformed skeleton. For three long weary months I was confined to bed, after which I was able to get up, but was a continually intense, and frequently when I quagmire in the lower part of the city. would be hobbling along the street I would be seized with a paroxism of pain and would fall men, but their remedies were unavailing. All they could do was to try to build up my system by the use of tonics. In the fall of 1889 and spring of 1890 I again suffered intensely severe attacks, and at last my medical attendant, as a last resort, ordered me to the Toronto General Hospital. I entered the Hospital on June 20th, 1890, and remained there until September 20th of the same year. But, notwithstanding all the care and attention bestowed upon me while in this institution, no improvement was noticeable in my condition. After using almost every available remedy the hospital doctors-of whom there was about a dozen-came to the conclusion that my case was incurable, and I was sent away, with the understanding that I might re- camps. Further, that the report, if presented main an outside patient. Accordingly from | it to the Legislature as I had drafted it, would September, 1890, to the end of January, 1891, I | act as a two-edged sword, inasmuch as that went to the hospital once a week for examination and treatment. At this stage I became suddenly worse, and once more gained admission to the hospital, where I lay in a miserable suffering condition for two months or more. In the spring of 1891 I returned to Oakville, and made an attempt to do something toward my own support. I was given light work in the basket factory, but had to be conveyed to to visit the Castle of Carriganass, the rock of liniments, but all in vain, and I was therefore notwithstanding his wonderful vitality, his reluctant to take Mr. James' advice. I, however, saw strong testimonials as to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pins as a blood builder and fferve tonic, and thinking that if I could only get my blood in better condition my general give Pink Pills a trial. With the courage born | is considered bad taste for the parents themthey didn't have too much taste or comfort, after using seven boxes I was rewarded by no- are grown-up daughters, and unless under rare boxes when I left off. By this time I had taken | present possibility in France where young peoon considerable flesh, and weighed as much as ple are concerned, and, as may be easily im-160 pounds. This was a gain of 60 pounds in a agined, this has both its advantages and dissize, my muscles became firmer, and in fact I ten hours a day with any man. I often stay on duty overtime without feeling any bad effects. I play baseball in the evenings and can run bases with any of the boys. Why I feel like dancing for very joy at the relief from abject misery I suffered so long. Many a time I prayed for death to release me from my suffer-

dor's remarkable story the Empire representa-

now spread throughout the section and the result is an enormous sale of Pink Pills. "I sell a-dozen-and-a-half boxes of Pink Pills every day," said Mr. James, "and this is remarkable in a town the size of Oakville. And better still they give perfect satisfaction. Mr. James recalled numerous instances of remarkable cures after other remdies had failed. Mr. John Robertson, who lives mid way between Oak ville and Milton, who had been troubled with asthma and bronchitis for about 15 years, has been cured by the use of the Pink Pills, and this after physicians had told him there was no use doctoring further. Mr. Robertson says his appetite had failed completely, but after taking seven boxes of Pink Pills he was ready and waiting for each meal. He regards his case as a remarkable one In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines-a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer-curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronicerysipelas, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and sallow complexions to the g'ow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

The Empire reporter also called upon Mr. J. C. Ford, proprietor of the Oakville Basket Factory, in which Mr. Condor is employed, Mr. Ford said he knew of the pitiable condition Condor had been in for years, and he had thought he would never recover. The cure was evidently a thorough one, for Condor worked steadily at heavy labor in the mills and apparently stood it as well as the rest of the employees. Mr. Ford said he thought a great deal of the young man and was pleased at his wonderous deliverance from the grave and his restoration to vigorous health.

In order to still further verify the statements made by Mr. Condor in the above interview the reporter on his return to Toronto examined the General Hospital records, and found therein the entries fully bearing out all Mr. Condor had said, thus leaving no doubt that his case is been told." The reporter found Mr. Condor at one of the most remarkable on record, and all the more remarkable because it had baffled the skill of the best physicians in Toronto.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, stream, and a few miles farther on we reached fronted by a strapping young fellow of good N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or When the Empire representative announced the | direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treat-

> The Immigration Question. In response to the Senate resolution relative to the possible violation of the treaty obligaage, and it was when about 14 years old that tions under the pending Chandler suspension

> the first twinges of inflammatory rheumatism | bill, the President last week transmitted to came upon me, and during the fifteen years | the Senate the reply of the Secretary of State. The Secretary says that he is not aware of any treaty which specifically purports to recovery a few months ago, tongue can hardly strict the right of this Government to control tell how much I suffered. My trouble was immigration into the United States. The only brought on, I think, through too frequent bath- one which makes any express reference to imare, however, two classes of provisions found in many of our treaties which deserve consideration in this regard.

The first of these are those treaties granting expressly to the subjects of another country the liberty to travel or reside in the United States. It is doubtful whether any of these treaty provisions were intended, or can be construed to be restrictive of the rights of the contracting Government to control immigration into their respective territories.

The second class of treaties, the Secretary says, are those containing the "favored nation' This, he thinks, does not apply, and he is of

the opinion that this bill is not in conflict with any treaty stipulations into which the United States has entered. LITTLEROCK PENITENTIARY

No Cholera, but Its Miserable Condition the Fault of Public Servants.

It appears now that the breaking out of disease among the convicts in the Little Rock Penitentiary was the result of the filthy condition of the place, which now has been dings, of the Marine Hospital Service, made swollen limbs drawn by the tightening cords | the examination, and reported to Washington up to my emaciated body, and my whole frame | that he failed to find a single cholera germ in

The convict camp at Helena is in as bad a condition as the Penitentiary was. Surgeon Williams, of the Marine Hospital Service, recomplete physical wreck, hobbling around on ported from there that the camp consisted of a crutches a helpless cripple. My sufferings were passenger car and five box cars, situated in a Eighteen men are housed in one box car. There is no ventilation to speak of, and the unconscious to the ground. During all this whole place is filthy. The surroundings of the time I had the constant attendance of medical | place are very offensive and dangerous to life. The whole town is in a dirty condition, and is improperly seweraged.

It has come to light that Dr. G. M. D. Can trell, of Little Rock, when Penitentiary Physician at Little Rock, for four years prior to May, 1890, visited the convict camps and found out that the death-rate in the camps was much greater than among the men confined in the penitentiary walls. Regarding his report Dr.

Cantrell says: "All that portion of my report bearing on the filthy condition of the camps was striken out by Att'y-Gen. Atkinson, who argued that my province was within the penitentiary, and that I had no authority over convicts confined in body would bring the Board to task for being derelict in their duties, and therefore he thought it best to strike it out. His opinion was seconded by the Governor, and that portion of the report was suppressed."

Mr. Blaine Suffers a Relapse. Hon. James G. Blaine suffered three attacks of heart failure on Sunday, Jan. 8, and he is and from my place of labor in a buggy and car- again in the shadow of death. Soon after 11 ried from the rig to a table in the works on o'clock on Sunday morning a friend drove to which I sat and performed my work. In Au- the telegraph office and notified friends throughgust, 1891, I was again stricken down, and out the country of the ex-Secretary's dangerous remained in an utterly helpless condition until | relapse, and stated that the family had little January, 1892. At this time Mr. James, a lo- | hope that his condition would again materially cal druggist, strongly urged me to try Dr. Wil- improve. But strange to say the Maine statesliams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I was preju- man commenced to improve on Monday morndiced against proprietary medicines, as I had | ing, and continued to do so until 8 o'clock p. spent nearly all I possessed on numerous highly | m., when his physicians, who had been in conrecommended so-called remedies. I had taken | sultation, announced that Mr. Blaine had again into my system large quantities of different suffered a relapse. At the hour of going to family medicines. I had exhausted the list of press he is reported as still losing strength, and friends believe that the end is near

Engaged Couples in France.

[Philadelphia Times.] After a girl has passed her 18th birthday she state of health might be improved, I resolved to is thought to be une demoiselle a marier, but of dispair I bought a box, but there was no no- selves to make any effort to achieve a daughticeable improvement, and I thought this was | ter's marriage. Young men, excepting in the like the other remedies I had used. But urged | country, where far greater liberty is allowed, on by friends I continued taking Pink Pills and | are seldom asked to visit a family where there ticing a decided change for the better. My circumstances, are never asked to come to appetite returned, my spirits began to rise and | lunch or dinner. On no account would a French the old troublesome swellings subsiding. I con- man of known bad character or obviously unfit tinued the remedy until I had used twenty-five to become her husband. Marriage is an everrelations. Abroad families see a great deal of was a new man. By April I was able to go to one another, and cousins hardly ever develop work in the basket factory, and now I can work | into husbands, probably because they are allowed to see so much of their young cousins.

> How Tea is Colored. [American Farmer.]

We have heard so much about how tea i colored to suit the fancies of the consumer, probably it would be well to know the general ings, but now that is all gone and I enjoy health | way in which the natural tea color is changed as only he can who suffered agony for years. I | in Japan. When the tea is to be colored it is have given you a brief outline of my sufferings, | placed over a fire in a pan, and while it is being but from what I have told you can guess the thoroughly stirred the overseer, at the proper depth of my gratitude for the great remedy moment, adds about one teaspoonful of pulverwhich has restored me to health and strength, ized soapstone and five or more grains of pow-

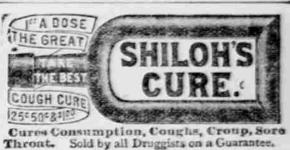
Wishing to substantiate the truth of Mr. Con- | dered Chinese indigo to every panful. These ingredients are thoroughly rubbed in tive called upon Mr. F. W. James, the Oakville | the tea, the task occupying about 20 minutes, druggist referred to above. Mr. James fully After this another teaspoonful of sospstone and corroborated the statements of Mr. Condor. pulverized tamarack bark is added, and the When the latter had first taken Dr. Williams' stirring and rubbing continued for 20 minutes Pink Pills he was a mere skeleton-a wreck of more. After an examination the overseer gives humanity. The people of the town had long a signal and the tea is placed into coolinggiven him up for as good as dead, and would | pans and rubbed against the cold iron surfaces hardly believe the man's recovery until they | until the product has been given the required saw him themselves. The fame of his cure is | polish.

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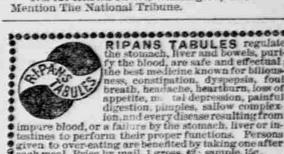
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